

events, he would look not just at those fateful four years but at the three and a quarter centuries that preceded and followed them, the long period in which we were truly ourselves. And I think of this possible verse somewhat as follows:

The morning lights your lovely shores,
Maryland, my Maryland!
They are your history's hallowed doors.
Maryland, my Maryland!
Here entered first those men of good
Who brought not hate but brotherhood.
So stand we now, where once they stood.
Maryland, my Maryland!

The noonday warms your fertile fields
Maryland, my Maryland!
Whose soil its ancient plenty yields,
Maryland, my Maryland!
While we, from out this pleasant earth,
Draw health and wealth and native mirth
And strength to fight for home and hearth,
Maryland, my Maryland!

The sun sets on your western land,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Here earth and sky stretch hand to hand
Maryland, my Maryland!
Here upland, meadow, stream and cove
Reflect the beauty from above
And beam it back in nature's love
Maryland, my Maryland!

From East to West, from past to now,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Your people take again the vow
Maryland, my Maryland!
To keep your toleration trust,
To live in peace with all that's just
And fight for you, if fight we must—
Maryland, my Maryland.